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Attorney for Defendant,
ANTHONY ACEVEDO

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA)	Case No.: 07-CR 802 (DAB)
)	
Plaintiff,)	LETTERS OF REFERENCE IN SUPPORT OF
)	DEFENDANT'S SENTENCING
v.)	MEMORANDUM
)	
ANTHONY ACEVEDO,)	
)	
Defendant.)	
_____)	

Defendant, ANTHONY ACEVEDO, by and through his attorney of record, Alan Baum, hereby submits the attached letters of reference in support of his Sentencing Memorandum relevant to sentencing factors under 18 U.S.C. §3553(a).

Dated: January 10, 2008

/s/ Alan Baum
ALAN BAUM
Attorney for Defendant

Diana Acevedo
89 Thayer Street
New York, NY 10040

October 2007

Honorable Judge Batts,

This is the most difficult letter I have ever had to write in behalf of the most important person in my life. I don't know how to begin or where to begin. What words can I say or express on a piece of paper that will show someone the real Anthony. How can you ask someone to understand and show compassion for someone they have never met? To look at the whole picture and not just to judge him by what the DA wrote or found on his computer. He is not the person this terrible crime perceives him to be. If only you could get to know him and see for yourself what a beautiful person he really is.

I guess I can start by introducing myself, my name is Diana Acevedo and I am the wife and companion of Anthony Acevedo. Anthony and I went to Baruch College and we became good friends back in 1981 and we started dating back in 1985. We got married on August 15, 1992. We just finished celebrating our 15th year's anniversary this past August.

About a year ago, our lives were turned upside down when I found out that Anthony was going through severe depression because we couldn't have children. We tried to start a family back in 1997 a year after his car accident. And continue to try for several years, but were unsuccessful. I didn't give it much thought and just accepted the fact that we were not going to have kids, but in my husband's case it was devastating to him. He felt that he was being punished by God and that he couldn't accomplish what men were born to do – to bear children. I thought he would eventually come around and accept the fact that it was not meant to be, but his disappointment was more deep rooted than I realized. You see your Honor, my husband never wanted to have children because he felt he could never be a good father due to all he had suffered as a child. It took him a very long time to come to terms with his past and look beyond it and when he finally decided to take the chance and committed himself to the idea, he couldn't reproduce. It depressed him and our intimacy suffered because of it. He became lost within himself.

I watched this man, which I love with all my heart bury himself into projects to try to escape the disappointment that haunted him. He bought tons of novels and dedicated every free moment to reading, when that didn't seem to help he dove into movies and music and eventually he ended up on the internet. And that was when it all started with one video clip he obtained unintentionally, which opened the door to the scars and pain he long ago buried. Bad memories that were suppressed in his subconscious, the horrible memories of what his own father and uncle did to him. I didn't understand what was happening at first; he was having sleepless nights and waking up drenched in sweat. I thought maybe he was stressed out from work. Until the day the officers came and then he revealed all to me. I knew he disliked his father strongly and that he never ever spoke of him, but I did not know the reasons until that day.

A father is someone you deeply trust and respect, someone you expect to take care of you and protect you from harm. But this atrocity didn't begin and end with his father, his very own uncle took part in the sexual abused with his father's cooperation and approval. Anthony's father was a very sick man. He was heavy into drugs and was the organizer of many sexual orgies.

I know this because his mother and I would sit and she would reveal many of her past pains delivered by her husband, Miguel. I know there is a lot my husband has not shared with me because it is just too painful for him to discuss. But he doesn't need to I can very well imagine how he was taken advantage of and the scars it must have left. It is just amazing to me that after all he has endured he is nothing like his father. He is such a giving person. People are naturally drawn to him. He has this thing about him that makes people at ease around him. I see it in the crowd that surrounds him when we attend our meetings at church, and with his fellow co-workers and especially with his family and friends.

How could his father have been so cruel and evil? This was a great injustice committed not just to my husband when he was a little boy, but to his sisters and mother as well. This man's cruelty saw no limits. I look at the baby pictures I have of my husband placed around the house and my heart just breaks. So much pain and suffering he must have experienced at such a young age. And he had to live all these years knowing that the person who is suppose to take care of him was the one who sexually abused him and left him scarred for life. I know that he regrets what he has done and wish he never made this mistake that not only affected him, but everyone he loves. The deep dark secret that he worked so hard to forget and bury away is once again exposed. This has devastated me and has left the whole family in torment. Like Anthony, the whole family is reliving the nightmare of their past. They are now openly discussing the pain they each experienced. It was during one of these family discussions that Anthony found out from his mom that the man he thought was his real father is really his step-father. There are so many issues to work out, which is why I am grateful my husband is also seeing a psychiatrist and learning to cope with this new information and his suppressed emotions.

I am thankful that he didn't turn out to be anything like his step-father who was into drugs, and into drinking, and was a sexual deviant. I am appreciative that my husband had a strong enough character to survive. He was strong for his family and there when they needed him. He could have ended up committing suicide like many similar cases you hear about in the news. The family has revealed so many horrible stories about this wicked man to me. He is a monster. There is just no other way to describe him, a pure monster because only one whose heart is full of evil could have done the things he did to my husband and his family. When they finally got away from him, they lived in fear of his reprisal for so long, that even his death did little to alleviate their fears.

Anthony is a very kind, loving and good hearted person. He would give you money if you are broke or surprise you with gifts just to see you smile and be happy. He would prefer to starve in order for you to have food on your table and clothing on your back. He would go out of his way to be there when you needed him. For as long as I've known Anthony, he has been around kids and their family since they were babies. I guess it's because he lives his childhood through their eyes since he never had one himself. He has been a father figure to many kids, those of his family and many of his friend's kids. I have seen him there helping them with their homework, getting them clothes when their parents couldn't afford it but the most important thing he has given them is - his Love. Some thing he never got from his step-father. The only memories Anthony has of his step-father are of a man who was violent and abusive to him and the whole family.

Your Honor so many questions flow through my head, if you send him to prison, how am I going to live without my husband and companion? How am I going to come home everyday from work and not find him there? How am I going to deal with the emotional and financial distress from this outcome? How will the family act or feel? There are so many unanswered questions - our lives are in your hands.

I know what he did was wrong and I know how much he has been suffering and beating himself up because of this. He hasn't been able to sleep or even think straight and I can attest to this since I feel the same way. I wake up in the middle of the night and look at him and wonder if I will continue seeing him there sleeping next to me. He has been going to a therapist for help and is also searching for God. I have seen a lot of changes in him. He isn't as angry or as depressed as he once was. We have a family bible study every week plus he studies the bible and prepares for all his weekly meetings and it so wonderful to see that the man who hated and thought was being punished by God has turned around and is accepting God into his heart and finally letting go of the anger and the pain. It's such a great joy for me, his family and the congregation to see these changes.

I am asking for forgiveness and understanding, I know you don't owe us anything but please I beg you to look at everything he has gone through as a child and what we are going through as a family. He knows that he deserves to be punished because what he did was wrong. All I ask from you is to look at the big picture and how your decision will change all our lives. He was already punished by what his step-father did to him so please don't continue to punish him anymore.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Diana Acevedo".

Diana Acevedo

If you wish to talk to me in person, my number is (914) 525-6250

Luz Acevedo
89 Thayer Street
New York, NY 10040

October 17, 2007

Dear Honorable Judge Deborah Batts:

I write this letter in order to beg you in the name of God that you give consideration to my son, Anthony L. Acevedo by allowing him continue with his life. Please do not send him to jail, because you would be causing him great deal of harm. My son Anthony did not have a normal childhood and has nothing good to remember about his past. Writing this letter has not been easy for me. It has caused me to return to a past that caused me a great deal of pain and remorse that will remain with me until I die.

I became an orphan at a very young age. My mother died of tuberculoses when I was 2 years old. The lady who was raising me brought me to New York City in 1954. I was born in Puerto Rico and ended up living in the Bronx. The lady who raised me had children of her own who were much older than me, and all of them did not live their lives doing what was right and just. I was their servant and for that reason I was not allowed to attend school. So I was unable to learn English until much later on in my life when I was out of her house and married. I learned English from my kids as they learned it in school.

Anthony's father was a man I met who was much older than me and who sexually violated me. He knew my situation and took advantage of it. I ended up pregnant with my son Anthony and no one to turn to. I was young and naïve. And this man was married with children of his own. I became very sick and was admitted into the hospital because I got tuberculoses. That was when I found out I was pregnant. I had met this other man, Miguel Acevedo, who had just returned from serving in the Armed Forces of the United States and served his time in Korea.

This man appeared to be a good person. He would bring me flowers while I was in the hospital and buy stuff for my yet unborn child. He made all kinds of promises, and finally I gave in, I had no where else to go and now I had a child and I couldn't speak any English, he was the best choice, no, the only choice I had at the time. So we were married and he signed my son's birth certificate claiming him as his legal heir. This is a secret that I have kept to myself until now, but revealed it upon the knowledge of the sexual abuse my son experienced at the hands of my ex-husband. I finally confessed to my son that that man was not his father, hoping he could find some peace in that knowledge. You have no idea the pain I have in my heart knowing my son suffered such a terrible thing at the hands of that man. If it were not for the love I have for God and the faith I have in God, I do not know what would become of me.

My ex-husband was a drug addict and an alcoholic. These are only a few filthy habits he picked up while in Korea. He was an oppressive and physically abusive man who would beat my children for no apparent reason. We ended up physically fighting many times because of this. There were times I thought he might kill them. You may ask yourself, "Why did she not leave that man if he was so cruel?" The honest truth is that I was stupid, ignorant and a coward.

My ex-husband always threatened me and said, "If you leave me, I will kill you and the children." He had many weapons in our home and knew how to use them. He often stood over me in the middle of the night with a butcher knife, threatening to kill me if I moved. I could not find the courage to leave him. I was afraid. In addition to my lack of courage, I really had no one and nowhere to turn to. I had no money, employment or family. In those days with four children and knowing how to speak very little English, I could not find a way out. Keep in mind that my children needed food and shelter which only my ex-husband could provide. I had no knowledge of the sexual abuse until my children revealed to me what this evil man had done to them.

It is important for you to know that my ex-husband was the Super Attendant and had complete access and total control of the basement. In the basement, he would store his musical instruments and would play them with his friends who were also drug addicts. There was much that happened down there which I was not allowed to know. Miguel made sure I did not go down there. My children always played in the basement. Unfortunately, all of the sexual abuses my children suffered happened in the basement and away from the safety of my eyes. Had I known, I would have fought to the end of my life to protect my kids. Because my son Anthony was not the legitimate son of my ex-husband, he suffered the greatest abuse in the hands of that man. This is something that will torment me until the day I die.

Judge Batts, I plead with you that you judge my son Anthony with a great deal of compassion. He is a good son, a great brother, a good friend and a great husband who has been married for many years to his wife. His wife Diana is the love of his life and the only wife he has ever known. He worked very hard to succeed in his education and to make something of himself even when everything was against him. He is a steady and loyal person. He has been working for the same employer for over 20 years.

I am very proud to say that ever since my son began studying with the Jehovah's Witnesses he has never missed a meeting. Judge Batts, my son is not a threat to society. Please keep in mind that my son is an imperfect human and like all the rest of us, has committed a mistake, and he is deeply regretful for what he has done. Once again, I beg of you to give him another chance.

I greatly appreciate and thank you for anything you may be able to do for my son Anthony Acevedo.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Luz S. Acevedo". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,".

Luz S. Acevedo

If you wish to talk to me in person, here is my cell number I welcome any chance to talk to you in behalf of my son. (347) 558-5308

Abigail Loyal
89 Thayer Street #6A
New York, NY 10040

November 5, 2007

Dear Honorable Judge Batts:

It is very difficult to begin writing this letter. I find myself needing to return to a point in my life, which I would like to leave dead and buried. However, the love I have for my brother Anthony Acevedo compels me to speak up and dig deep into a past filled with grief, disgust and shame. Shame for having to speak of a man called "MY FATHER." A man whose blood runs through my veins, blood I wish I could get rid of!

Let me begin by stating that I refer to my biological father as the "MONSTER." Going forward, my referencing of him will be as such!

My profound and ugly memories go as far back as I could remember. I must have been perhaps four or five years of age when I could remember seeing the Monster in a room filled with several people. It was dark, with some lighting coming from the distance, perhaps a candle or some dim light. I remember these people being naked and engaged in physical contact, which caused them to make noises. It turns out as an adult I realize what it was - sexual orgies!

The Monster with his male friends and several women would engage in this activity all the time. They would photograph themselves and there were many pictures around the basement. Should I as a child been exposed to this? How was I to know that this is not the normal way of life, but a perverted form of disgusting adult behavior!

The Monster was very heavily involved with many forms of drugs. Marijuana being the smell I remember most. It is a smell that if someone in the street were to be smoking it, I instantly recognize it. I guess one can attribute the Monsters cruel behavior to the indulgence of an addiction. However, how does one attribute the abusive behavior he inflicted upon my brother Anthony to a drug or drugs. No, it was not the drugs, but a deep-rooted hatred for the fact that my brother Anthony was not his biological son.

Does this mean that the Monster was incapable of abusing his biological children? No! For you see, I am his first born, his first daughter, and yet he allowed the molestation of his own to take place. Yes, his male friends were not allowed to insert their penis in me, but they were allowed to undress me and touch me. Does this lessen the impact of the violation? Was I supposed to grow up thinking that this form of behavior is acceptable and normal? Thankfully not! Till this day I have a very hard time allowing anyone, even the man that was once my spouse to see me fully naked. I always feel like I have to

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cover up. I feel dirty inside. I even get sick to my stomach when a male doctor has to examine me. Losing control of my bowel movement is not an easy thing to deal with. Yet I find that what my brother Anthony is dealing with is much tougher.

How does a man grow up thinking that his father could sexually violate him and yet love him at the same time? It's really impossible! What really broke my heart is the fact that about one month ago I revealed to my brother Anthony that he was my half brother, and that the Monster was not his biological father. I truly believe that although painful as this information may have been, knowing that he was not biologically related to the Monster has brought my brother Anthony some relief.

And now, upon learning about my brother's legal situation, a great part of me died inside. The Monster although dead, is still conquering with his assaults upon my brother. My brother has done something that could possibly cause him to serve some time in jail. But I tell you, if this should happen, the Judge and Prosecutors will only be completing the assaults both the Monster and my uncle began inflicting upon my brother in his childhood. I have attached a picture of my brother and I so that you may be able to take a very close look at the real victims in what one needs to classify as the "Robbing of innocence." Look at the two of us and realize that children so young should not have been forced to experience brutality both physically and sexually.

Perhaps my brother's curiosity was due to the fact that he needed to remember and identify the assaults inflicted upon him as not normal, but vicious and cruel. Satanic in the fullest of measure, because it really takes a Devil like personality to do the things the Monster did. Defenseless and innocent were we, and yet forced to endure painful and unwarranted cruelty. The curiosity to know that we were not alone in the world and that there are so many others whose lives have been robbed of what should be deemed normal should not merit the incarceration of a man whom has never harmed another human being.

The rape of my brothers little body and childhood should be sufficient punishment for a mind so deeply scared. Night sweats have now become my constant companion and no doubt my brothers. Nightmares and flashbacks are robbing both my brother and I of the calm that should be what most people experience at our age, and yet, here we are once again reliving the ugly moments we so desperately wish to forget.

The beatings that the Monster inflicted upon my brother were so violent that I sometimes wonder how the Monster did not kill him. I remember that a birthday gift we always received was a knuckle sandwich on the top of our heads. If we cried because of the pain we felt, then the Monster would finish us off by lifting me up by my hair and throwing me across the room, and my

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brother would receive a severe beating. The Monster never concerned himself with the fact that he could have broken our necks or bones in other parts of our body. He only concerned himself with the pleasure he derived from hurting us. I wish I could have wiped that ugly smug look off of his face. Better yet, I wish as a child that I had the strength to kill him. That my five-year-old body could have mustered up the strength of a man and crushed his head, and that every time he lifted up his arm to strike at us, that I could have broken all of his fingers and both his arms. I wish that at that time someone could have done exactly to the Monster what he had done to us!

Now I have to think of the fact that my brother Anthony may be imprisoned and will be beaten and sexually assaulted once again against his will. To the Judge and Prosecutor, I tell you that you will be completing the injustice that began when my brother was a child.

Please do not incarcerate a man who has been a loving husband, brother, uncle and son to his mother. A man who has never caused any harm to anyone he has come in contact with, and a man that would give his right arm for anyone whom he loves. A man who has been learning about God and all that he requires of us, and that is finding bible truths that are helping him to heal. All of which will be reversed if he has to endure the violence he did as a child by being sent to prison where he will undoubtedly suffer at the hands of others.

I beg of you, please appeal to your heart and give my brother some justice in his life by allowing him to remain with his family who love him so much! Try and look at him as you would if you had a child that was scarred so deeply and that all you desire in this world is to cure him and give him a chance to live out the remaining years of his life in peace! My brother made a mistake, but putting him away would be an injustice and cruel.

Perhaps if you feel that incarcerating him would be the best thing to do, then why not use a plastic bag or a blanket and finish the job my father never got a chance to do. That's right he tried to suffocate us - another one of his many kicks, which has caused us to suffer from Claustrophobia. If I were to list all the things my father did in this letter, it would turn into a book!

With the greatest of desperation and appeal to you - **PLEASE** - set him free!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Abigail Loyal'.

Abigail Loyal
(646) 460-1554 (Cell)



Evelin A. Rodriguez
89 Thayer Street, Apt. # 2B
New York, New York 10040
W – 646-879-8088
C – 917-825-5235

October 7, 2007

Dear Honorable Judge Deborah Batts,

As I sit here, I asked myself many times over and over again how can I express what happened in my family's past and what is happening to us now currently. You see, having to remember the past whether I talk about it or write about it, is truly something extremely heartbreaking for me. But in order to convey to you who my older brother, Anthony, is to me and who he is to the entire family, as painful as it is to relive those memories, I must without a doubt do so.

I am a single mother of a 13 year old girl and the younger of two sisters. My daughter, Makayla, loves her uncle Anthony very much. He has been the only stable male figure who has had a positive influence in her entire life. She has come to rely and depend heavily on him as much as I have. I know my brother will never do anything to hurt my daughter if something detrimental was to happen to me, without any hesitation I would entrust my daughter's care to my brother Anthony. I trust him whole heartedly and I know full well that he and Diana would care for Makayla completely as though she was their own child.

My brother Anthony made a mistake in his life, a mistake that broke the law. Although possessing and viewing such material is a mistake that I wished he had never made, I can understand why he did so. As one who lived through some of the physical and mental abuse at the hands of Mike, although not sexual against me, I can put myself mentally and emotionally in his shoes. Sometimes when horrible things happen to a person, even as a young child you begin to question yourself and wonder if you fought hard enough or if you could have done something different to prevent it from happening. The self-doubt you begin to have is great and overcomes you; it becomes extremely over-whelming at times. I know because I personally have suffered from depression since my childhood which began with my self-doubt and self loathing. Still to this day there are moments when I can't even look at a mirror because I find it too hard to see beyond the sorrow inside.

Many times I would shut myself in the bathroom and just allow the tears to flow, to let the sorrow and pain come out so that I could have some kind of relief. It's a battle within that I didn't admit to my family until I finally moved back to New York City with my daughter, Makayla, after living in Virginia for seven years. I would ask myself why was my biological father, Mike, such an evil and hateful person. Anthony on the other hand probably asked himself thousands of times, why did it happen to me and how long was it before I finally gave in to all this physical abuse. That's what happened to my brother. I understand the self-doubt he felt and his persistence in searching for an answer to those inner questions because I have been there myself. I have struggled with my past, my family's past many times. Everyone experiences different things in life, unfortunately for Anthony; he had the brunt of Mike's hatred and abuse both physical and sexual. As children we had no other choice but to stick by one another very closely, and Anthony was our pillar... our stronghold in life.

To be completely honest with you your Honorable Judge Batts, as children we all experienced some form of Mike's cruelty during our childhood, but it was recently that my brother Anthony sat with me and revealed the sexual horrors he went through as a young boy at the hands of our father Mike and his so called buddies. They all

were just perverted dirty men taking complete advantage of a defenseless young boy. I was not surprised to hear of the sexual cruelty Anthony suffered from my father because of who Mike was, the kind of evil man he was, I was there. I am all too familiar with the vicious beatings he gave my mother Luz, and how he enjoyed beating us as well. So severely at times that my mother would try to intervene in order to stop him from getting to the point where any one of us would end up in the hospital. Unfortunately, my brother Anthony got it the worst because he would step in as well. I suspect it was because my biological father Mike was Anthony's step-dad. Mike hated the fact that Anthony wasn't his real child, so he often beat Anthony with the buckle of the belt instead of the belt itself. I remember how he would pick us up with ease and fling us across the room and laugh as we slammed against the wall. Where were the police... social workers... the law when we needed them most? Very simple, they were nowhere to be found. It took courage on my mother's part to come up with a plan and finally escape from him in order for us to survive one day at a time... for all our sakes.

One of the things that will haunt me for the rest of my life was how he would trick us with sweet talk to come over to him and when we got close enough to him, he would suddenly and very quickly whack his knuckle against the top of our heads and as we cried out in pain, he would simply smile and laugh and say, "Happy Birthday" as though it was a great big joke to everyone. Since that didn't satisfy his appetite for cruelty, he would grab us by our hair and throw us across the room. These are but a few examples of what living with my father was like. There are so many horrible haunting moments we experienced that if I was to name them all, my letter to you would turn out to be a book.

My mother finally found a way to escape from Mike and got us all away from him. She sent my brother Anthony to Florida to live with my aunt in order to keep him far away from Mike. I cried every night for my brother because I didn't understand back then why she had separated us like that. It's a shame that we all didn't leave New York City all together, because there were many times Mike would find out where we were living and he would break in through a window and start beating my mom up... over her face, her body and threatening to kill her and all of us if we didn't come back with him.

When I was 13 and he finally died, I really thought that with time I would forget all the pain and fear he forced upon us. But now at 43 all those feelings are rushing back to me, I feel myself sinking into that black hole once again. My father was a man capable of much evil, and he truly enjoyed inflicting pain when ever he had the chance to do so. He also enjoyed drugs, smoking pot and women with his buddies, and to top it all, he was a sexual deviant toward very young and innocent children. One thing that never occurred to me was that he would molest and sexually abuse one of his own children. I just thought he hated all of us for some reason unknown to me. I guess I was giving him more credit than he deserved. My father was a crazed man who brought nothing but pain and sorrow to his family every day. One more thing, I didn't find out my biological father Mike was Anthony's step-father until this past August when my mother finally revealed it to us. My brother found no comfort in knowing this; he said it didn't make a difference or lessen the pain or damage that was done to him. I understand how he feels because I hated Mike and wished he was dead all the time. He not being Anthony's father doesn't change how I feel about Anthony; it doesn't change how I need him in my life. I love him so much that I can't bear to think of loosing him once again. The pain inside is great and the fear of cruelty being inflicted on him again just kills me.

Anthony has indeed made a grave mistake, but there are so many good things, caring things and kind things that he has done throughout his lifetime for our family and for others that I pray with all my heart you would consider showing him leniency and not allow this one mistake ruin his whole life. I know it was a grave mistake your honor, but he is such a kind spirit, always giving of himself and never holding back. He has never ever harmed or hurt a living thing in his life and I hope you will take that into consideration. My brother has the utmost respect and love of so many people, that I would give my life in order to save his. I don't know what is going to happen to him inside a prison, what kind of person he will turn into because of the kind of people inside there. I do know that the self-

doubt and self hatred will begin to grow inside him again, and just when he seemed to be at ease and happy for once in his life.

Anthony finally found his way to understand and accept that things happen to all of us and that some things are beyond our control. Everyone experiences hardships in life but it doesn't stop us from living. We all have a purpose in life and we just need help, yes help in finding it. I don't know what good would come out of incarcerating him; all I can see is that on top of everything that has happened to him throughout his childhood, his spirit will now be broken once again. I beg of you, if there is anything you could and are willing to do for him besides putting him in prison; please do it for him... please do it for everyone in my family. He is not the sort of individual you give a break to that ends up disappointing you. Please, if you can see it in your heart to show him mercy, do what you can to help him. It would hurt me immensely to see his spirit broken and to have him taken away from our family. My daughter Makayla, his niece would miss him tremendously. She is at a stage in her life that she needs him as her father figure. As I stated before, he has been the only stable male figure in her life, in mine as well.

If you wish to speak with me, please do not hesitate to call me any time. With all due respect to your honor, I thank you with all my heart for listening to my plea.

Sincerely,

Evelin A. Rodriguez

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Evelin A. Rodriguez", written over a horizontal line.

Mr. Ghee Gee
240 Nagle Avenue Apt. 12B
New York, N.Y. 10034

Re: Mr. Anthony L Acevedo

To the Honorable Judge Batts,

This solemn letter is my, Mr. Ghee Gee's personal testimonial to the character of Mr. Anthony Acevedo, of 89 Thayer Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I have known Anthony for over 6-years as of March 2007. Nevertheless, it has been brought to my attention regarding the "horrific" activity that Mr. Acevedo have been brought charges and plead guilty against.

I have spoken to Anthony Acevedo in length regarding these allegations and through time and frequent interaction and observance, have been helped to allay my fears through his honest and forthright frankness (regarding his past & present) to see that this behavior is not part of Anthony's personality that I and my family have come to know and love these past 6years.

As a cautious, concerned, and observant father, I have observed Anthony's behavior and interaction with my now 3 year old daughter, Emma. Mr. Acevedo has always been a warm, considerate, appropriately behaved person who reflects a dignity found in people of righteous principles.

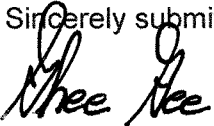
These are my following FOUR underlining reasons I would have no problem leaving my 3 year old daughter Emma into the trust of Mr. Acevedo's care:

1. My friendship with Mr. Acevedo for over 6years (in social and private settings).
2. His candid feelings and forthcoming information regarding his past wrong and not use his "past" as an "justification" for this "gross" lack of good judgment of curious child pornography along with his willingness to right the wrong by seeking proper help.
3. My careful observance of Mr. Anthony Acevedo's activities with his niece Makayla for over several years along with my daughter Emma.
4. Mr. Acevedo's fervent and frequent involvement in scriptural studies and application for over a year.

If you have any questions whatsoever, I can be reached @ (212) 203-7886.

Please give serious consideration to my aforementioned letter of recommendation for Anthony Acevedo.

Sincerely submitted,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ghee Gee", written in a cursive style.

Ghee Gee

Personal Friend

Mrs. Sylvia Negron
501 Galaxy Way
Effort, Pa 18330

September 2007

Dear Honorable Judge Batts,

I was at a lost for words, when Anthony told me about the crime he committed and the punishment he faces. I was shocked at first but then I felt compassion for this person who I have come to love dearly. I have known Anthony for over 16 years. He has been a good friend, as close to me as a brother. My children adore him and he has become a permanent fixture in their lives. I in no way condone or approve of anyone breaking the law, but in Anthony's case I can understand why he did. He faced an extremely horrific childhood. And my heart goes out to him as well as his sisters, who have to live with the memories and scars of the actions of an inhumane and monster of a father.

This is what I can tell you about my friend, Anthony. If I died this very moment, he would be the one I would entrust the care and welfare of my children. I don't say this lightly. You can ask anyone who knows me and they will all tell you the same thing, "my kids are my life" and I would fight to my very last breathe to protect them. My children love Anthony very deeply; he has always been there for them. Plus I have been a key witness on many occasions on the interaction between Anthony and my kids. I know he would never do anything to hurt a child. It is not in his nature. I not only witness his behavior and actions around my kids, but also around my sister's kids and around his own nieces.

This crime he committed is not the true scope of who Anthony is. In truth, with all that he has faced, I am surprised he is as stable as he is. It must have taken great strength and fortitude for him to build his life. While his father had taken to smoking, drinking excessively, taking drugs and loose moral conduct. Anthony does not have any of those addictions. He maintains a strong loving relationship with his wife that has lasted for 15 years and is still growing stronger. To this day, his sisters and brother and many of his friends lean and rely on him for advice and emotional support. In all the years I have known him, he has always gone out of his way to help people and always conducted himself as a man of integrity.

Life failed him once when he was not protected as a child, and it would be a shame if it's failed him again now. I hope you take all of this into consideration and not solely judge him on this one solitary bad act when he appears before you for sentencing. He really is a good person who made a very bad choice. One I know he would never repeat. Right now he is seeing a psychiatrist and finally coming to terms with all the hurt and pain and shame he has buried and hidden within himself all these years. Plus he has the support of his family and his friends. It would be travesty to remove him from all the help and support he is now receiving and to alter his life because of one misstep. If anyone deserves a break, he does. And you are now his only hope of getting one.

I am a single working mom of three kids, but if you need or wish to speak to me, I would be more than happy to talk to you about my friend Anthony. My number is (570) 234-6892.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sylvia Negron". The ink is dark and the signature is fluid, with a large, stylized 'S' at the beginning.

Rubin David Caban
118 E. Moreland Avenue
Hatboro, PA 19040

October 07

Dear Honorable Judge Batts:

I am writing this letter on behalf of my friend Anthony Acevedo. I have known him for over 26 years and he has always been a good and caring person, not just to me, but to every one who is a part of his life. I am a single parent and Anthony has been a part of my children's lives since they were born. My son, Jonathan (who is now 17 yrs old) and my daughter, Amanda (who is now 19 yrs old) look up to and love their uncle Tony. That is what he has been to them all their lives. He has always been there for us when we needed him. A more wonderful friend you could not ask for.

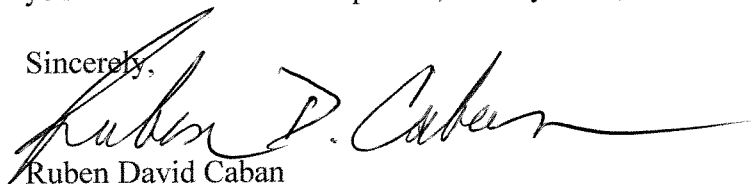
Anthony and I have always been straight with each other and I am aware of the abuse he suffered at the hands of his step-father. It is something very personal and private with him and something we only spoke about in short moments over the years. I am sorry to hear he committed a crime and it breaks my heart to think that we might lose him. He is a peaceful and a loving man and I know prison would hurt him. I know he regrets his actions and I know this is something he would never repeat.

I know because of the nature of his crime, some people might be weary of him, but I have no such fears. I trust him completely especially when it comes to my kids. I know he would never do anything to harm them. And if anything would ever happen to me, I know he would be the first one to jump in and take care of them. This whole situation is hitting my son Jon the hardest. It is causing him a lot of stress. Losing Anthony will impact him greatly. Anthony is like a second dad to him. It makes me proud to share my role as a dad with Anthony, especially knowing he can't have any kids of his own. We both watch over my son and raise him together.

I can write a book on all the wonderful things I have personally seen him do, not just for my family and for me, but for so many others. As a single dad working two jobs, Anthony has been a Godsend. He helps me financially with Jon: school supplies, clothes, money for lunch. I couldn't list all the things he has done for my kids over the years and what he continues to do for them. Every one makes mistakes and some people deserve a second chance. Anthony deserves a second chance. I hope you will give him such a chance.

To be honest, if I had suffered a past like his, I am not sure how stable I would be. It breaks my heart to think his life would be destroyed over one mistake. I hope your honor, that you could do something to help him and if there are other options available besides prison that you would consider them. If you take a chance on him, I know he would not let you down. I don't know if you need to talk to me in person, but if you do, here is my cell number (267) 496-7882

Sincerely,



Ruben David Caban